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VOLUME 13

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TORONTO CANADA

Canadian POETRY MAGAZINE

Vol. 13, No. 3

SPRING, 1950

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COAST FARM

Hustling sheep to the barn, out of the squall, in April,
Shoulders hunched, hands in mackinaw pockets,
Numberless wisps of what he did and was
And learned to expect, and felt and pondered over,
Drift in his moving flesh: He walks in stubble
Trampling in damp earth the wet glistening stems,
And the dry rustle of last year's yellow oats
Lives in the senses; while the moment drifts
He sees, hears, feels the rush of wind and shadow,
Feels in his grip the scythe . . .

The scythe, the shoulder's ache and the clenched grip
On skinsmooth handles; and the moment fades,

Fades, and reshapes: his flexed fingers crook
To the gripped jolt of oars. The falling swath
Is rolling groundswell; where an oatfield was,
The dark fleet glitter of next summer's herring
Gleams; till the shimmer wavers and is lost
(wet oilskin, blowing spray)
In sodden fabric, and the bite of rain.

Always the small swift thing that takes you backward;
The thing remembered, blurring in something else,
Next year, tomorrow. And the thing in that
Or the thing seen, heard, smelt, tasted, touched,
Turning again to now. An old ewe blats:
Spring fencing, sheep to shear. The colored images
Move in a sea of sense, and waves of thought
March to the shore of mind.

Halting, he turns to lift one ranging glance
At raingray water under a sea of cloud.

Charles Bruce

WEDDELL

I have heard the lumberjacks and their marvellous tales
Of yesterday and the day before on the Iroquois trails;
The old, white headed men who sit in a chair and rock,
Smoking a blackened pipe and dreaming of Antioch.
I have heard them speak of Weddell whose tugs crawled over
the bay,
Controlling the river traffic and dragging the logs away.
Weddell, the local Croesus, he owned the woods and the trees —
As if a man could own such properties as these.
Weddell, who built an empire . . . there must be a parable here,
If I had the wits to find it, but water is seldom clear.
Well, he attained his riches and lived on Division Street,
He went to the church on Sundays, the minister saved a seat.
He gave to the poor in season, assaulted the sky with smoke,
The devil went up the river and roads were a muddy joke.
The old men sit like statues with garrulous tongues and speak
Of the days when a dollar mattered — the wages for half a
week;
When parliament talked of England and building a tariff fence,

When England grumbled of colonies, called them a blamed
expense.

My father was born a farmer and yours was scarcely more,
Our mothers made bread on Monday and met in the village
store.

The world was a place for living and the place for love was
home,

But sex was never mentioned and Weddell was king of Rome.
The chances he took succeeded, his profits returned at call,
A byword heard in Toronto and mentioned in Montreal.

When men wore boots and breeches and only a few could read,
His shoes were the finest leather, his suits of an English tweed.
He talked with the sweating teamsters, he slept in the bunks
at night,

He laughed at their jokes the loudest and drank like a Mus-
covite.

A king in a backwoods village — there came on an April day
A word from the bridge of silence, and the king was called
away.

And Weddell retired with his secrets, bitter and sometimes
sweet,

To a place on the town's grey border, the house on Division
Street;

The lawn had a marble fountain, stone lions were at the door
That seldom or never opened for a dozen years or more.

I remember in faroff boyhood the boats that rotted away,
A core in the hollow silence that centred on Quinte Bay.

I played on the slanting barges and ghostly engine rooms,
I peered in the holds that gurgled and smelled with the breath
of tombs;

Too young for a thought to enter of why such things should
be,

For the bells on the decks played music, and the bells were
youth to me.

But always after I wondered and no one could tell me why,

What voice from the river reaches declared it was time to die?
The dust of the past has settled, and driftwood floats to shore,
While out on the breast of Quinte the log booms ride no more.
The tugs and the barges mouldered, the old men walked by
 twos,
The trade of the world moved westward, the devil was paid
 his dues.
The horse gave way to the tractor, two wars were fought and
 won
While Canada grew to manhood and turned her face to the
 sun.
And men still cherished illusions as they have since the first
 of time
When God was a mere suspicion, and Weddell began his climb.

Alfred W. Purdy

IN PRAISE OF MERCHANT SEAMEN

Fo'c's'le Chantey

Blue-dungareed, sweated, jackbooted, bareheaded,
Dive-bombed, torpedoed, strafed and undreaded,
Ice-marrowed, wind-flattened, moon-pallored, sea-battered,
Uncowed and defenceless, snowdraped and storm-tattered;
Drowned unrecognizable; on shore highspirited,
Slow to be praised and quickly discredited;
Ragged and motley, unknown and embarrassed,
Ignored in the hostels, on the high waters harassed;
Brothers to guns and bread, the Merchant Seamen!

Michael Harrington

SOFTLY THE WIND COMES . . .

Softly the wind comes in the green morning,
It is still and inconsolable,
It is strong and everlasting;
On sunlit fences between the walls of houses where the last
 night lingers,
It is drear and enchanting,
It is gay and pellucid;
Entering the long avenues of day it beckons the cloud along
 with its fingers.

Early or late, rain-ragged or sun-streaked,
Gentle or brusque with the down of June or the teeth of
 March;
It is solemn and huge,
It is pensive and illimitable,
It reaches beyond the world's end and the universe is lost in it.

It surrounds and encircles,
It disarms and overpowers,
It is long on breath and short on endurance;
It rails and riots an hour, a day, or longer perhaps,
But in the evening its flaunting is less, and the morning after
 it's beaten and spent.

Yet always it brings men hope and respite,
In the sea-deserts upsetting the calm,
In the furnace-cities a coolness,
In the spring, sweet smells, in the fall, cloud-spangled sunsets,
In the heart, a gleam and a cleansing, a challenge and an
 ultimatum.

Michael Harrington

ST. ANTHONY: GALE BLOWING UP

In through the narrow bight the wind is poured,
A jet of tingling darkness, a chill hand
Pinning the ship against the nerveless land,
The bare, unfriendly wharf, sea-draggled, scored,

Pummelled; and powdering the brittle seas
Into a foam of gems beneath the moon,
And all about us like a fierce lagoon,
The cold, Northern islands and their screes.

Michael Harrington

THIS POEM TELLS

How having seen you in this lovely hour,
My resolution brittle-broke like glass,
Scattered like bell-notes from a windy tower,
Drifted like bird-down over blowing grass.

I who love Beauty could no more deny
Your bright glance golden blinding all the world,
A planet whirling through the midnight sky,
Till by lost stars the midnight is imperaled.

They say that love is lonesome; who can tell?
Will you remember how my heart's desires
Hovered a tiny instant on my tongue,
And did not dare to speak, and darkness fell
Vasty and deep upon the fierce, banked fires,
Burning the hearts out of the lovely young?

Michael Harrington

POEM

THE LATECOMER

The Northern spring is hesitant and shy
She comes in slowly, like a truant child
Or late employee pausing in a doorway,
And timidly withdrawing.
Between the heaped up clouds and slopes
of rain,
She strives to enter, and goes out
again
And when unseen she deftly slips inside,
Her eyes are innocent and open wide,
And none are heard to chide her waywardness.

Elizabeth Costello

HOME FOR THE AGED

To tasteless meals, they slowly come
In regulated tedium.
And after disrespect and tea,
They sag down on their vacancy.

To reach at naught the clock-hand strives.
The clock sounds chimes in others' lives.
Mistier gathers inner weather.
Old bones hold loneliness together.

They feebly drag, with pain of gout,
Their unimportance all about.
Each morning slowly they revive,
As if by accident alive.

Louis Ginsberg

ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL

Short on asphalt, where passersby must walk in Indian file,
Long in tradition, lacking the architect's skill,
Its close-hinged walls hide many fortunes.
Here, furs change hands,
Not from feathered redskin to bold Sieur,
With slow counting of silver and many entries in the books,
But transacted across some neon-lighted desk,
Competently and dryly with no error in multiplication
(Thanks to the new bookkeeping machine),
No sly joke or flick of a wrist to pinch snuff
In a leather box from the inside pocket,
No pipe of peace puffed gently and contentedly,
Or fume of fire water to taint the tanned air.
Where designers compete nimbly by intricate pattern
For the haute couture
And Joseph becomes José, Peter is Pierre.
This drab stone building boasts a hundred years,
Was first a convent.
The lift is worked by stout ropes like a huge dumb waiter.
The narrow stairs are steep and winding,
Worn shabby by the street of progress.
A bitter wind from the river whispers at the windows.
And while milady pirouettes on tiptoe,
The better to count the ripples in her new mink coat,
The shadowy presence of Mother Angela fills the room,
A gentle voice calls, "Come, mes petites,
"It is time for bed. Put your books away."
And the chorusing girlish treble, "Oui, ma mère."
Perhaps some young mischief munched on a latire stick,
Wrapped in a hand-stitched square of linen,
Or, one, homesick for the nearby reservation,
Cried herself to sleep in the softness of the plumed pillow.
St. Paul Street — twilight of an era,
Highway to the past!

Ruby Friedman.

THE AWAKENER

Why was I awakened to all this indignation
By the curve of your neck and the wave of your hair,
Roused from the quiet mind's imagination
And the dreams of the blue intellectual air?

There was a time my soul remembers,
Oh, far away and how long passed by!
When my blood burned low as the ashen embers
And calm was my heart as the autumn sky.

What was it roused me to pain and wonder,
To all love's long tumultuous strife?
Your bugle voice that rang through my slumber
Slaying peace that I might gain life.

John Barron Mays

SECURITY

Where no motion is
No whirring wings — no sailing cloud —
No leaf falling — no song out loud —
There no silence is.
The heart cries: Give
Give of your restlessness
Trees — sky — ocean
For I must live.

Harriet C. Meyer

BALLET IN BLUE

One last pale shaft
turns indigo upon a swallow's wing.
Blue is the gauzy veil of bushfire smoke
our gaunt hills wear.

The jacaranda's naked still. Her white boughs yearn
against the steely east, but brightly burn
the steady tapers of the lupins, there
in a corner where their candelabra snare
a swarm of moths.

Against the sunwarmed wall
the pale forget-me-not looks up, and dreams.
By the stair someone
planted a wild blue violet. Its folded buds
are like gloved hands in prayer.

The moon's hung out, a gilded pasteboard on
the nearest peak.
The dim vast stage is set
for gliding figures, for the silent dance.
Night's curtain lifts, and waits upon Romance.

Pipe up, small tabors in the quiet grass,
throb, drums of distant thunder. You, O trees,
shake out your castanets;
pluck from your lute-strings high wild rhapsodies.

O rising wind, your muted symphony
is far too sad and indeterminate.
Lift up your voice.
Give us the true
interpretation, the intrinsic theme of this
nocturne in blue.

E. M. England

STILL LIFE

No sun is visible, though the whole air glows
With the downy warmth of a still ripening peach.
No cloud-configuration lures our eyes
To gather in what region the sun revels —
Save one, the palest outline of a shoulder
Curving like Hebe's when she stoops and pours
Ichor from ivory amphoras, and flushes
More delicately rose than they. The rest
Is gossip guess-work in hushed anterooms
Of an enchanted palace. Not a wind
Stirs the green depths of orchard-tapestries
Whose great bowed apple-branches globe their fires
Woven of crimson, and the blanched high grasses
And fissures of the light, alike are still
And final as threadwork in a magic web.
No, not a wind, but if it stirs, it blows
As ghostly as from lips of hunters' horns
On a fading arras, and we standing here
Seem almost figures broidered on it, ghosts
Designed once in its patterns, listening
For the eternal echoes.

Geoffrey Johnson.

SIGHT-SEEING

I went up to town,
But most I recall,
Was an old bent man
Who once had been tall,
Who scratched with a cane
The curb's night litter,
And snatched up something
The sun made glitter.

Millie C. Kroll

DISTRACTION

By thunder, hold your sliding tongues,
And give me peace!
Go rest those bellows-pumping lungs,
And let me silence lease.

Your running words assail my ears
As wind-blown dust.
Let reason decompose your fears;
Go, put your words in trust.

Your ragged thoughts convulse my soul,
Distract my mind.
O! Take yourselves away in whole
And let me wisdom find!

Robert Davies Taylor

WALK SOFTLY

Walkers on trackless snow
Should softly go,
Lest this white silence be
Too suddenly
Shattered. On earth's worn brow
Let peace rest now.
Pass like a shadow, shake
No leaf to wake
The quiet sleeper here,
Now that the year
Has kindly brought what lies
On tired eyes.

Albert Ralph Korn

PROLOGUE TO OBLIVION

The look, the word, the uncertain touch
Await the autumnal cast of sky:
Starlings moving in the beeches
Dry leaves falling on thin voices
Assail the questing passerby.

Winter arches broken, summer
Blends in memory with springs:
And the three lost seasons' moment
In a shadow, shadow-silent,
Bleaches earth so none shall sing.

Waning sea and star-green sky —
This garden's barren comeliness,
Crossed with bare and restless branches
The presaging wind encloses,
Turns to a cold wilderness.

Wait: be still: go back: the garden
Though not dead, yet dreams its death:
And dying always, blights the seeker:
Motionless stands too the watcher,
Hope dissolved to rising breath.

Margaret R. Gould

STREET DANCE, HALIFAX

When the red sun hung suspended
Over Citadel Hill
The city was drugged with heat.
Nobody noticed the uneasy ribbon of fog
That fluttered along Spring Garden Road.
Sailors and their girls circled the lily ponds
Wandered across the white arched bridges
In the Public Gardens.
Tired children protested: "I don't wanta go home,"
Peered through the netting,
Begged the recalcitrant peacock
To open his fan.

In the half-dark when street lamps were only a blur
An old, recurrent fever
Raced in the veins of the city.
Boys on the rampage chased each other
Through the Coffee Shop door of the Lord Nelson,
Darted in and out of the phone booths,
Worried the clerks at the counter.
A thousand feet shuffled along North Park;
Laughter spiralled to screams.

Down the street, an old man who had dozed on the door-step
Cried out in fear:
"Are they at it again?"
The youth who leaned in the doorway smiled.
"This is no riot, granddad.
The mob's gettin' ready to dance."
The old man waited a moment.
"See anything in the harbor today?"
"Only a merchantman out of Liverpool . . . for Boston . . .
And an oil tanker up for repairs.
The Aquitania's due on Thursday.

And there was nothin' floatin' around
That could blow up the city
If that's what you're worried about."
The old man tried to look as if disaster
Had never entered his mind.
He was all right now.
His gnarled fingers tapped on the railing.
The band had struck up "The Boys of the Old Brigade."

Verna Loveday Harden

PRAYER OF THE SUN BRIDE

(Morning of Sacrifice)

Coiled, waiting flame,
Plumed tongue!
I am a maid,
And young —
Chosen to carry
Youth to Age —

(The dawn wind ruffles
The perfumed sage)

The Hawk keeps vigil, riding high,
A live spark hung on a burning sky;
The drums are thudding, near and loud;
I stand to meet them,
Proud!

Let me show no quiver
On the pyre;
No smallest ebbing
Of desire:

Great Fire-Giver,
I come to you
In fire!

Eloise Street

SONG OF A CHICKASAW PRIESTESS

Great, golden hawk,
Winging athwart the sun . . .
Symbol of Mystery . . .
Beloved One . . .

I dare not speak your name;
Even a thought
Could halt your arrow pace,
Transfixing space.

Watching your burnished flight,
Dreams rise . . . and fade . . .
Your eyes hold endless Time,
Where dreams are made.

Yet you can drop to earth:
On shining morns,
Where bulls call to the dawn,
You dance . . . with horns!

Eloise Street

POEM

The first blind brightness of you fades
And I am left
Shaping your memory into a piece of silver
Worn soft and smooth by time
And the touch of loving hands. . . .

A. E. Robertson

IMPOTENT

My words fall into the brilliant spaces between us
Becoming dead things without sense or color.
Yours eyes are an impassive barrier . . . and yet
You set your hand against my leaving.

I wish I could weave my urgency
Into some swift, bright clarity of speech
Or reach you through some bold finality. . . .

But all my words are empty staring things;
I can no more shake your voice from my ears
Than your hand from my shoulder,
And the hour already old. . . .

A. E. Robertson

ST. LAWRENCE SEA

Now is another inland sea become
Our own; the oldest daughter in a new-
Found role shall bid Atlantic hold the drum
Of breakers clamorous on her crags — a true
Dominion sea to sea confederate
In purpose; puissant in resolve. The roar
Pacific pummels at Vancouver's gate
Crackles among the mists of Labrador.

Laurentian sea, laving our eldest five,
Your trident portals mark the measured flow
From Father Point unstinted to the hive
Beyond; you guard the while our gardens grow.
And gannets on those cliffs may nest again
Secure as sculptured wings on weathered fane.

J. R. G. Adams

CEDAR

Cedar bole gripped
Is an elder brother;
Cedar shade
Is an orphan's mother;
Cedar in wind
Deliberate dancer,
Lithe Isadora,
Stately Samoan.

Cedar fallen
Is Milton tripped;
Cedar standing apart on a plain
Is a rapier held by the hand of earth
In formal salute to the heavens' parade.

Cedar cut
Is a Roman censor,
Veil of India, temple of China,
Dubarry's boudoir, or an English virgin.
Scent of cedar is essence of earth,
Pungent as memory, clean as the sky.

Percy Janes

MIDDLE WATCH

The mast is a tapering steeple
Dark in the glimmering night,
Where the phantom shades of ocean
And the jewelled skies unite;
A million stars are scattered
From a silvered pepper pot
Across a vault of velvet,
A million miles of velvet,
A canopy of velvet
In a twinkling polka dot.

The moon is a slit of fire,
An open furnace mouth,
That's blazing in the blackness
And climbing in the south;
And the fire glows to whiteness
Until its riding high,
A molten, silver vessel,
A radiant, smiling vessel,
A glowing, silver vessel
In the zenith of the sky.

The sea is smooth as a carpet,
Soft in the shades of night,
Where an angel scattered star dust,
And ghost lamps glimmer white;
And phosphorescent lightening,
When porpoises begin
Their races through the darkness,
A whistling leap in the darkness,
A jagged streak in the darkness,
The wake of a three-point fin.

And as we slice the carpet
We spill forth tiny pearls
That twinkle in the furrows,
And where the wake upwhirls.
The ship is a ghostly shadow,
And gentle breezes sigh
Through the girders of our steeple,
The mast, a slender steeple,
A tapering, pointing steeple
That links us with the sky.

Robert Sutherland

A SONG

VILLANELLE

Francois Villon, when you were there,
The lanterns had a gayer glow,
The cheapest wine would seem more rare.

Although for us the board was bare
At inns in Paris long ago,
Francois Villon, when you were there,

And Paul, Geoffroi, and Jacques Boncoeur,
Claudine and I and fat Margot,
The cheapest wine would seem more rare!

From Katharine de Vaucelles hair
You spun us tercet and rondeau,
Francois Villon, when you were there:

The ways you found to call her fair!
To us poor rascals in a row
The cheapest wine would seem more rare!

Your pen, your tongue, would mock despair,
Your sword flashed bright — a gallant show!
Francois Villon when you were there
The cheapest wine would seem more rare!

Robert D. Harris

POEM

She seems too frail a flower
Ever to mix with lime;
Too delicate to wear
The burning shroud of time,

Who moves among the dross
And rubble of today,
Clothed in the common dress
Of slowly cooling clay.

And O the wonder is
That still the petals spread
In aureoles of light
About her drooping head.

R. L. Cook

FOR GOOD FRIDAY

O let us not who on this coming morning
shall think of tragedy remember only
the price paid, the hands spiked to the bitter wood,
the blood from the side and the betrayal.
He on this morning died, but did not die
the ultimate death. The limp body wrung,
the tongue that moved to pardon murderers
were Friday's grief, but with a risen sun
the heavens opened, came ascension.

O let us not who on this morning mourn,
remembering the green hill and the lonely tree,
forget the finding of the empty tomb,
the cry of pain become a song of triumph,
the Ascent and Apotheosis of the Son.

Frederic Vanson

SHOULD I HAVE CLAIMED YOU?

Should I have claimed you?

Barefoot in the store

That was the hold you had upon my heart?

And something more?

Something that made my pulses start.

Something akin to me

In earth-stained feet?

I read you as I glanced—

Oh, it was sweet!

Strange was the beauty

Of glad earth confest

In tiny feet that gave me such unrest.

We knew each other well,

Had always known!

We were each other's

And you were my own!

Jeremy Mead

WOULD THAT IT WERE FOREVER FALL

Would that it were forever fall

And these dead leaves be evermore descending,

And this grey bleak that hovers over all —

And in my heart — be never ending;

Let these, the twilight shadows of November,

Metallic, hard — be cut in steel for me —

Lest some day Spring might wake a dying ember

Within my heart, of love's long tenancy.

Wraitha Dovecote

SHADOW-LAND

Sunlight is gone now,
Almost from memory,
Here in the shadow-land.

Here is no morning nor evening;
Here, no tomorrow —
Only the low flutter of flames
From the smothered fires
In the endless half-darkness.

Here is no outline; here, no direction —
Only the restless wandering
Of soul-dead phantoms
And the slow swirl of smoke;
Only the patternless motion of shadows
Over the torn earth.

There were drums once and trumpets,
And, though they led to destruction,
Were their voices not beautiful?
But they are gone now.
They sank long ago into silence,
Died, muffled and echoless.

The fires too, are faltering;
Light dies to the glowing of embers
That radiate nothing,
Like streetlamps when the cold fog
Comes in from the sea.

They die, and over the cold earth,
Shadow moves into shadow,
Growing slowly,
To darkness.

Allan Donaldson

PERSPECTIVE

Look, love, how the gulls,
Golden-winged in their brief sun,
Wheel, and stand, and sweep,
In circles of restrained ecstasies;
Like things grown old with earth,
Unweighted with the brevity of spring,
Untroubled by our images of fearsome destinies,
Sublime sensualists, draining the moment,
They circumscribe all bliss, while we,
Fortunate of many Aprils, many suns,
Aware of the depth of dream,
And the height of inevitability,
We spew the evening with our dark uncertainties,
Corrupt this beauty with our futile fears.

Joan Finnigan

GALLANT HEART

We watch the rain with silver feet
Trample the leaves of the frail mesquite
While the wind in sudden lust
Bends the trees and stirs the dust.

Grief like a sudden storm can sweep
Each inner fortress we would keep
Secure and shatter our defense
Against all joy's impermanence.

Twenty-seven

The mesquite leaves may be the prey
Of rain but more will grow some day.
So, too, the gallant heart will form
New barriers against the storm.

Lucia Trent

THREE IN THE NIGHT

I am of ways they know, the boy, the girl,
Coming at late night to the water rim,
Lighting their beacon, sending curl after curl
Of red-edged ripples outward while they swim.
As if to keep me separate from shade,
Deny my searching the glimmering arc,
Their distant laughter is as much a blade
As is their sharp fire plunged into the dark.
Heedless of all that passed, upon the morrow
Nature shall blot each star in light of one;
Silence shall haunt the secret glens to borrow
A bed beyond the clangor of the sun.
What shall be less, though visible the more:
The valid marks of three upon the shore.

Cloyd Mann Criswell

Book Reviews

THE CREATIVE EXPERIMENT—C. M. Bowra—Macmillan, London—255 pages; \$3.50.

The Creative Experiment combines a long essay with interpretative discussions of seven modern poets. It is the best treatment this writer has seen of what modern poetry is trying to do.

Mr. Bowra, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, refers to the "final flowers of Romanticism" as the "special art of the Symbolists." He goes on from there:

"The modern conception of purity . . . has advanced from where Symbolism stopped and aims at poetry which is pure in the sense that it gives a special kind of thrill which is regarded as the essential function of poetry and distinguishes it from anything else. Of course all great or real poets from Homer to Hardy provoke this thrill, but not perhaps so consciously or so deliberately as modern taste demands. They are concerned also with other matters, with human interest, with telling a story, with emotions and passions, with the criticism of life and with providing matter for thought. To the strict moderns these considerations are irrelevant and even dangerous, because they may deter the poet from his single, indispensable task of providing a special kind of excitement."

It is obvious that Prof. Bowra is in sympathy with this, and he makes a good case. There are, however, some questionable matters. He writes (presenting the view of the moderns): "An experience must be presented in its complexity, without the simplifications and the order which analytical thought gives." And a few pages farther on: "The bad poetry of an age is no criticism of the good, and what matters is the quality of the successes won." It is highly questionable whether this second statement is true. The best of modern poetry has suffered ridicule because of a superficial relationship to a great deal of writing done by people who think that presenting an experience in all its complexity means splashing words on a page. The difficulty has been a lack of discrimination. Under the old order, there was no difficulty in distinguishing doggerel — which has its own place and purpose — from poetry, with its special stirring, the imagery it communicates to the emotions and the mind. Since the special talent of Eliot emerged, the weeds have grown in the shape of the rose. Fooled too often by rose-petalled weeds, people are inclined to drop the search for the authentic flower. This reviewer has no doubt that the worst of Marinetti has hurt the best of Eliot.

The seven poets discussed in Prof. Bowra's succeeding chapters are Constantine Cavafy, Apollinaire, Mayakovsky, Pasternak, Eliot, Lorca, and Rafael Alberti. Of these the warmest and most intriguing figure is Cavafy, the Greek born in Alexandria who found in the Alexandrian dialect a language never before used in poetry, and his special subject in the Greek past treated in human terms.

Charles Bruce

THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN AND OTHER POEMS by Arthur Stringer; McClelland & Stewart Ltd. 204 pp. Price \$2.75.

Readers familiar with Canadian Poetry will find many familiar lines in the reissue of this volume (originally published in U.S.A. in 1907) for a great number have found their way into anthologies since it first saw print; and it is right that it should be so, for they have sung themselves into men's hearts, and when that happens, man is loath to let them go. Very few poets have enjoyed the privilege of seeing their work reprinted after a period of forty-two years. That would be unusual in any country, but particularly so here. It speaks well for Dr. Stringer's poetry that it reads as fresh and vigorous today as it must have done forty-two years ago.

This poet is an admirer of the Classics and his happy use of language and the right word in the right place are no doubt accounted for by this knowledge. Here will be found stories based on classical myth such as "Sapho in Leucadia" and "The Passing of Aphrodite". Nowadays it has become all too fashionable to scoff at the ancient literatures and to look upon the study of them as a waste of time. But there seems to be a change for the better in this respect in the last few years and we feel sure this volume will carry on the good work. The Penguin Books are issuing new translations of Homer, Sophocles, Virgil and Theocritus; Lord Dunsany has translated The Odes of Horace, MacNiece, The Agamemnon of Aeschylus, Robinson Jeffers, Medea, and last but not least there is The Iliad of T. E. Shaw.

Here are to be found poems and lyrics to suit all tastes. There is a feeling of nostalgia expressed in some of them and this is perhaps due to the fact that they were written among the alien corn. The author's love for his own Northland has never abated and finds beautiful expression here. The lovely "Northern Pines" is a poem of this type:—

"And the still dusk woods close round me,
And I know the waiting eyes
Of my North, as a child's, are tender,
As a sorrowing mother's, wise!"

This book should have a wide circulation in Canada for it is one of which Canadian Poetry lovers should be glad to avail themselves. The author is, unfortunately, usually thought of as a novelist but this volume should remedy that defect and register the fact that in Arthur Stringer Canada has a singer of international reputation of whom she may well be proud.

The writer's philosophy of life is well expressed in the lovely lines of "The Final Lesson".

"I have sought beauty through the dust of strife,
I have sought meaning for the ancient ache,
And music in the grinding wheels of life;
Long have I sought, and little found as yet
Beyond this truth: that Love alone can make
Earth beautiful, and life without regret!"

Arthur S. Bourinot

CANADIAN CADENCES by John Murray Gibbon; Ryerson Poetry Chap-Book number 137; 16 pp. \$1.00.

Canada owes a lot to John Murray Gibbon. For many years he has been a source of inspiration and strength to all cultural activities in this country and has given unsparingly and unselfishly of his time, energies and ability. In fact, he was one of the prime movers in the founding of this magazine.

He has written songs, novels and poetry, collected folk songs and now this Chap-Book has been issued by the Ryerson Press. The background of this work is the author's belief in the method practised by Robert Burns of having a tune in one's head when one attempts to write poetry. Some years ago Mr. Gibbon wrote, "The Magic of Melody" which outlines this practice. In this Chap-Book the airs to which the poems were composed will be found printed at the beginning of each poem. Thus the poem "I Know of a Chamber" is written to the air, "Irish Nurse Song" and "Round Where the Moon is Sliding" to Schubert's "Moment Musical". This influence is felt when one reads the lyrics, for they literally sing themselves to the reader. Would that more modern verse would do likewise.

The lyric "Dance of the Maple Leaves" was sung at the crowning of Bliss Carman as Poet Laureate of Canada, March 1921, by The Canadian Authors Association at Montreal. The ceremony took place at the Baron Byng School where children arrayed in maple leaves danced to the song for which Harold Eustace Key wrote the music. One of the smallest of the children presented the crown of maple leaves at the appropriate time and Bliss Carman, who was very tall with a great shock of hair, bowed very gracefully to the donor. The contrast in size must have been very striking as must have been the proceedings the story of which comes direct from Mr. Gibbon, who was present.

Some of these lyrics are taken from the author's Song Folio, "Brahms and Schubert Songs Transplanted", such as "Scented Foambloom", "Idle Clouds", and "In the Celestial Kitchen". The inspiration for others was Folk-Song and this derivation can be seen strongly in such poems as "Pioneers", "In My Cabin", and several others.

There is a series of lyrics celebrating the various months and seasons in Canada. A typical one, entitled "March", is redolent with the flavour of sun, melting snow and running sap. One of the loveliest songs is, perhaps, "In My Cabin" and the second verse is particularly notable for its music and Canadian atmosphere —

"The horn of the moon is rising cold,
And ice creeps over the night-black lake;
The firs in the dark green forest hold
A silence only the wolf may break.
Yet in my cabin all is gay,
Warm is the stove, and hearts are high.
Yesterday was our wedding day,
Winter may come but what care I?"

Arthur S. Bourinot

SKYLIGHT ONE by Conrad Aiken, Oxford University Press, New York;
48 pp. \$3.00.

If these fifteen poems do not exhibit quite the gusto with which Mr. Aiken seemed to write some of his earlier work, they have a mature polish and a constantly smooth and sensuous flow.

The first poem in the collection, "The Window", evokes vivid feelings of youth, of freshness, of an early-morning springtime delight with living. And the window is more than the window through which "she looks out in the blue morning". As the author says in "Evil is the Palindrome",

"Perception is the beginning, sweetheart, perception
opens the window from which we view
terror fluttering toward us down an empty road
delight screaming on dark wings over the hill."

But the ecstatic mood of "The Window" is short-lived. The beauty of the bright morning fades quickly. In the rather conscientious "May-flower" which follows we get the first intimations, later emphasized, that there is "Time only for the single dream", and that there is "the fateful glare of mankind's hatred everywhere".

Like Marvell, Mr. Aiken is always conscious of the passing of time. Life is impregnated with death, and so, particularly, is love.

" . . . death is here, is now, twines its nightshade
with the first primrose . . .
The *moritura* is in the discovery, the farewell
is already prepared (with secret tears)
in the first ambiguous greeting, the divided voice
of love-and-death."

This fleetingness of love is one of the dominant themes in the book. In "Voyage to Spring" we find a man in his physical autumn, craving the passion of those "who in their natural spring invent an April!". But the autumnal watcher also finds love ironic, "False, false, false . . . chromatic deception of the vernal . . . equinox".

The book's title is drawn out of the poem "Everlasting", which uses the atomic tests at Bikini as springboard for a philosophical poem — or, rather, uses the phrase "Kilroy Was Here" found inscribed on the U.S.S. *New York*, after the bombing.

In style, Mr. Aiken is somewhere between traditionalist and modernist. He is seldom obscure but seldom obvious. To meet the fleetingness and frequent wickedness of life he offers the "Let us not be afraid, for all is acceptable", finds consolation in "these small, these much-loved things, matrimony-vine, the hawk's gone westward wings", and suggests the hope of some kind of immortality. But it is the smooth craftsmanship of "Skylight One" which pleases the reader most, especially the reader who is a lover of lyrics.

Anne Marriott

INVITATION TO MOOD by Carol Coates, Ryerson. 54 pp. \$2.25.

"I like a poem that picks the bones of a thought clean
leaving it stark and white for the eye to ponder."

Here is such a group of poems picking the bones of abstract thought,
the economic phrase, the incisive syllable, the rapier wit.

Poetry that knows when to stop, poetry of the first person singular,
and poetry of several million persons, some quite singular.

Essentially modern as love is modern, serious and sentimental;
concerned with the present, the humor of everyday incidents,
the pathos and tragedies that make the sum of life.

Born in Japan, the author adds an oriental touch to Canadian poetry.

Not in subject but in something of the oriental mood

whatever that may be; something not wholly foreign,

but completely delightful . . . a dislike of ugliness,

the intolerance of intolerance, the hatred of hatred.

Who but an oriental could conceive the idea of telephoning God,
naively confident, requesting another son

To replace one killed in the recent war?

Here is "First Flight" when "the motor's music

climbs to a crescendo where speech sinks into pantomime,

and thought shudders into silence".

Can the reader imagine thought shuddering into silence?

Here, inside a mauve cover, are fifty-four pages of that commodity,

Ming ladies in terra cotta, ancient frescoes from far Shensi,

My Lady Iris and jade gods for a geometry teacher,

Pleasure and solid enjoyment for the poetry lover.

"If you were a right angled triangle,

I could put you down on paper,

and quickly prove the theorem of the hypotneuse,

with a tidy Q.E.D. at the end.

But you're a man,

full of angles,

unaccountable curves and lines,

incapable of pencil, paper or proof.

The geometry needed to solve you

isn't taught in textbooks,

it's transcendall!"

Alfred W. Purdy

THE CANTICLE OF THE ROSE — Selected Poems, 1920-1947. By Edith Sitwell.

The Macmillan Co. of Canada. Pp. 274. \$4.25.

Although Mr. C. M. Bowra has written a very fine brochure on the poetry of Miss Sitwell, her present reviewer thinks that the best introduction to her creative work is her critical writings: her study of Alexander Pope, *A Poet's Notebook* and *A Notebook on William Shakespeare*. In these three books we find what really interests Miss Sitwell in poetry: imagery, color, sound, and the texture of the line. When we turn from these books to the present volume, we are turning from criticism to her own efforts to carry out these interests creatively. *The Canticle of the Rose* represents Miss Sitwell's work from her earliest maturity to her present position. In the earliest work there is a certain inconsequential attitude towards

thought; Miss Sitwell seems to be enjoying the sheer fun of working with sounds and color. And what fun she gives the reader, too! At times the latter person may feel there is something strained in the frequent use of such words as *parakeet*, *goatish-white*, *guinea fowl*, and he may be startled, if he is a Canadian, with such partial rhymes as *Dinah-finer*. (Mr. Bowra defends the above words and their ilk as key words that add the value of association to the poems.) The music of the lines always has an unexpected quality and demands the closest attention for the reader to get the nuances.

With "Colonel Fantock" Miss Sitwell enters her middle period. Technique is now an old habit with her, and the tendency to verbal pyrotechnics has quieted to a richer, more subdued quality. What really marks the new period, however, is the poet's interest in character. Col. Fantock is an old man who has built for himself an escape world — which the small children can share with him until

A gay voice like a honeysuckle nook —
So sweet — said, 'It is Colonel Fantock's age
Which makes him babble.' . . . Blown by winter's rage
The poor old man then knew his creeping fate,
The darkening shadow that would take his sight
And hearing; and he thought of his saved pence
Which scarce would rent a grave. . . . That youthful voice
Was a dark bell which ever clanged 'Too late' —
A creeping shadow that would steal from him
Even the little boys that could not spell —
His only prisoners . . . On that June day
Cold Death had taken his first citadel.

Such poems as "Three Rustic Elegies" and "Gold Coast Customs" — the latter her most ambitious and finest work of that period — continued and enriched this interest in the human scene, and in human character.

Then came the war, and the full tragedy of man's world burst on Miss Sitwell. It would be wrong to say that it shook her poetic creed, but it deepened and enriched tenfold the thought and the technique. So closely woven are the poems of this period and so uniformly high is the craftsmanship that quotation is wholly inadequate, and paraphrasing indecently absurd. Despite these remarks it may serve some purpose to quote the opening lines of "Still Falls the Rain" (The Raids, 1940. Night and Dawn):

Still falls the Rain —
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss —
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain
With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the hammer-beat
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet

On the Tomb:

Still falls the Rain
In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and the human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

In her earlier years there was a tendency not to take Miss Sitwell seriously as a poet. That view was outdated with her middle period. Now

with her work of the 40's we must see Miss Sitwell as one of the major poets of the century, a woman dedicated to poetry and taking her own way unmoved by unfavorable or favorable criticism.

Burns Martin

Books Received

DURABLE FIRE, by Joseph Joel Keith; The Decker Press, Prairie City, Illinois; pp. 77; price \$2.00.

POETRY AWARDS, 1949; University of Pennsylvania Press; pp. 83; \$2.00.

THE PALISADES OF FEAR by Ronald Bottrall; Editions Poetry London Ltd.; pp. 67; 6s.

AFTER THE BOMBING by Edmund Blunden; Macmillan; pp. 51; \$1.35.

SONGS OF THE SOUTH SEAS by William Swaan; The Hall Printing Co. Ltd., Winnipeg; pp. 52; illustrated.

ENGLISH STUDIES, 1949; Editor, Sir Philip Magnus, Bt. — John Murray; pp. 90; price 8s, 6d.

Periodical Reviews

Canadian

CANADIAN INDEX—Monthly publication of the Canadian Library Association, Room 49, 46 Elgin St., Ottawa. Editor, Mrs. Dorothy B. Chatwin.

This is a guide to Canadian Periodicals and Films, listed under author, subject and index. Among the 64 periodicals are Canadian Forum, Canadian Poetry Magazine, Dalhousie Review, Queen's Quarterly, Saturday Night, University of Toronto Quarterly. Additional French cross references direct user to the English heading. Invaluable to libraries. Subscription rates on request.

CANADIANA VOL. II. Quarterly. Published by the Macnab Historical Association, Foleyet, Ont. 25c (\$1 per year). Editor, Hilda M. Ridley.

Predominantly Canadian in outlook and interest. Fiction, essays and verse; contests and reviews. Cash and book prizes. Contributors include: Arthur S. Bourinot, Blodwen Davies, Hyman Edelstein, Sophy Elliott, Lillian Leveridge, Ann Marriott, Wilson MacDonald. Also publish the Canadian Poetry Calendar, 12 pp. \$1.00. Distinctive cover design.

British

ENGLISH VOL. VII. No. 42 (Autumn 1949) 3/6 net. Annual subscription 15/. Thrice yearly. pp. 259-306. Published for the English Association by Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press. Acting editor, Guy Boas, 73 Murray Rd., Wimbledon S. W. 19.

Tributes by Dr. Boas and Charles Morgan to the late George Cookson, for 13 years editor, seeking highest standard in poetry, essays, criticism,

Canadian Poetry Magazine

drama. Notable articles: "Contemporary Poetry—Failure and Achievement", by Peter Leyland, "Harvest of Forty-nine" by S. R. Littlewood. Distinctive reviews by outstanding scholars in English. Poetry (4 pp.) of supreme merit. Also a poetry competition each issue.

GEMINI No. 2. Sept. 1949. 2/6 per year, 3 issues. 8 pp. mimeographed. Editor, Frederick Vanson, 33 Avon St., Derby, England.

Labelled "A Pamphlet-Magazine of New Poetry" where poets of repute seem to find a market for variegated "sonnets" unavailable in accredited publications. There is, however, an intensity of feeling often lacking in less leftist organs, e.g., John Bate, "Lines for Remembrance Day."

OUTPOSTS—Published by Meridian Press Ltd., Manchester. No. 15 Winter 1949. PP. 36. 1/1 (4/4 per annum). Editor Howard Sergeant, 155 Croxated Rd., W. Dulwich, London S.E. 21.

Pocket size, modern yet intelligible, well-edited, cosmopolitan, literary, sound reviews. Articles in this issue: "Scene in the Pacific North West" by A. Wilbur Stevens (Editor, Interim, University of Washington, Seattle); "Ezra Pound" by Derek Stanford, "Poetry and the Film" by Eric Nixon.

PHOENIX No. 5. 1949-50. (No price stated) 16 pp. Magazine of the Phoenix Society (1945) Editor D. R. Allen. Published by Thomas H. Lawrence. Printed by G. H. Kiat & Co. Ltd., Singapore. Temporary address: BM/THL, London W.C. 1.

Keynote, Freedom of Expression in a Free Society. Lillian Lothian, Assistant Editor, Poetry Commonwealth, discusses "The Commonwealth and its Poetry" with piquant comment on Canadian poetry today; special reference to Canadian Forum, Canadian Poetry Magazine and Contemporary Verse. Numerous poems including an Indian lyric (translated).

THE POETRY REVIEW VOL. XLI. Jan.-Feb. 1950. No. 1. 60 pp. 2/6. 33 Portman Square, London W. 1. Bi-monthly. American office, 299 Park Ave., New York City. The Poetry Society, Pres., T. W. Ramsey, F.R.S.L. Editor, John Gawsworth, F.R.S.L.

Poems, essays and criticism of highest merit. Competitions, with prizes up to £20 for long poems, sonnets, poems of place, epigrams, etc. Various Centres of the Poetry Society are established in England, U.S.A. and Canada, including Vancouver and Winnipeg. Auditions and examinations in verse-speaking and junior verse competitions have been conducted for many years. "The fundamentals of poetry do not alter," says President Ramsey, "I am no more moved by tenderness for these moderns than I am impressed by fulminations against them."

American

EPOCH VOL. II, No. 3, Fall 1949, .75 (3.30) A quarterly of contemporary literature published by Epoch Associates, 252 Goldwin Smith Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. Editor-in-chief Baxter Hathaway.

Well-printed, stories and poems in main with an undercurrent of snide salacity. Exceptions, a long poem by Joseph Warren Beach and a short one by Peter Viereck.

FLORIDA MAGAZINE OF VERSE VOL. X, No. 1, Nov. 1949, .50 (2.00) Quarterly. Edited and published by Chas. Hyde Pratt, Box 6, Winter Park, Florida. PP. 32, not indexed.

Biographs at foot of pages. Editorial notes and reviews. No payment

but cash prizes for best lyric, sonnet and light verse and cinquain in each issue. One of the surviving "little magazines" of selective merit with a veteran editor intolerant of the "new criticism" that accepts "a writer who murders the English language and calls the crime poetry."

THE LANTERN VOL. 23, No. 4. Oct.-Dec. 1949. Quarterly, .40 (1.50) 24 pp unnumbered, unindexed. Edited and published by C. B. McAllister, 62 Montague St., Brooklyn 2, N.Y.

Representative verse only, in single column setting, distinguished by a sort of chapbook featuring the central 8 pp — "Windmill Cove" by Lefa Morse Eddy.

THE POETRY CHAP-BOOK VOL. VIII, No. 2. Winter 1949-50. .30 (1.00) pp 35-55. Published by Gustav Davidson, 227 E. 45th St., New York. Editorial Board, Sydney King Russell, Dorothy Quick, Isabel Harris Barr. European Editor, Geoffrey Johnson, Ely, Cambs., England.

A treasury of gems from the most meticulous poets of today. Beautifully printed. Gustav Davidson edits the Contemporary American Poetry Number (February) of *Arena*, Wellington, N.Z., also \$1.00 a year. Contributors include: Burton Frye, Joseph Joel Keith, Eric Wilson Barker, Arthur S. Bourinot and Bianca Bradbury.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS REVIEW VOL. XVI, No. 2, Winter 1949-50, pp 75-146. Published by University of Kansas City, K.C., Mo., quarterly, .60 (2.00). Editor, Clarence R. Decker and staff.

"To provide a medium for the best critical and imaginative writing available. No restrictions in subject matter; poems, short stories, essays, sketches, etc." Present issue well printed and edited featuring critical essays on Edgar Poe, Sidney Lanier and Hart Crane, also an appraisal of John Ciardi's third collection of poems, "Live Another Day", by Winifred Townley Scott (Mr. Whittier and Other Poems). Four clever poems by Ciardi. Worth watching. (Professor of English at Harvard).

J. R. G. Adams

Poetry Awards

Conditions for the Awards to Poets for 1949

A college undergraduate may compete for any or all of the four Contests listed.

1. Five poems in English may be recommended by each college for consideration. The editors of *Poetry Awards* may include other poems published in the college magazines. Of the total recommended, five or more will be selected by our editors to be published as place winners in POETRY AWARDS. Cash prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25 will be given for the poems judged to be first, second, and third best by the judges, and Honorable Mention may be given to other poems published by *Poetry Awards*.

2. The five best poems published in English in each little and quality magazine should be recommended by each magazine editor, if he wishes them to receive consideration. Our editors may include additional poems from magazines. Of the total, twenty-five or more deemed best by our

Thirty-seven

editors will be published in POETRY AWARDS second annual issue. Cash prizes of \$200 for First, \$100 for Second, and \$50 for Third Prize will be awarded by the Judges. Honorable Mention may be given by our editors.

3. An award of \$1,000 in cash to the author of the best long poem of unpublished verse in English, from 600 to 1,000 lines, based on individual or international morality or some other significant theme dealing with the dignity of man. If a longer manuscript has been written and its continuity would be marred by reduction to 1,000 lines, it may be submitted. No guarantee of publication from *Poetry Awards*. The author will retain title to the manuscript and may make his own arrangements for publication. If a majority of the Judges of this award decide that no worthy manuscript has been submitted, the prize may be given to the author of a book published during the five years preceding July 1, 1950, preferably one which has received no major award.

4. An award of \$1,250 in cash to the author of the best book of miscellaneous verse, published between July 1, 1949, and July 1, 1950. Books may be submitted, but editors may elect not to consider those which are received after July 1, 1950, and return them. Authors of books accepted for consideration will be notified of receipt, but the books will be retained as property of *Poetry Awards*. Our editors may include other books for consideration by the Judges for the prize. If no worthy book is found, the prize may be given to a book published during the five-year period prior to July 1, 1949, preferably one which has received no major award.

The closing date for publication of poems in contests (1) and (2) will be December 31, 1949; for contests (3) and (4) July 1, 1950. For contests (1) and (2) we reserve the right to refuse to consider submissions postmarked after January 15, 1950; for contest (3) those postmarked after July 1, 1950.

Poetry Awards requires poets to retain a carbon copy of their typescripts, send only typewritten, double-spaced manuscripts and enclose a self-addressed return stamped envelope. No handwritten submissions will be considered. No entry blanks are needed; no entrance fees will be charged. Poets will be notified by postcard of receipt of submissions. *Poetry Awards* will not be responsible for manuscripts lost or damaged while in its possession or in the mails. Our editors cannot enter into correspondence with competing poets, except prize winners. By the use of our system of mimeographing copies of poems in contests (1) and (2) without names of authors, anonymity is reasonably insured. For contest

(3) manuscripts must be signed by a pseudonym and bear an attached sealed envelope containing the real name and address; otherwise they may be returned. Neither the editors nor judges are eligible to compete for awards.

All communications must be addressed to:

The Editor
POETRY AWARDS
1420 East Mountain Street
Pasadena 7, California

Donald G. French Award For Poetry

(Only Open to Residents of Canada)

Poems may now be submitted for The Donald G. French Annual Award for Poetry, held under the auspices of the Canadian Authors' Association's official publication, *The Canadian Poetry Magazine*. Conditions are as follows:

(a) Poems submitted may be in any poetic form, but no entry shall consist of more than fifty lines. Entries are to be typewritten in double space, and must be signed only with a pseudonym of the author. A separate envelope, similarly signed, is to contain the name and address of the author. Any distinguishing mark other than the foregoing will disqualify the entry. If more than one poem is submitted, each entry must be mailed separately.

(b) Poems previously published in any way, or previously winning prizes in other competitions, or submitted simultaneously in any other competition or to any publication, shall not be eligible.

(c) There shall be three judges, to be chosen or approved by Maida Parlow French, donor of the prize, one of whom shall be the Editor of *Canadian Poetry Magazine*.

(d) No entry will be returned, and the decision of the judges shall be final.

(e) If, in the judges' opinion, none of the entries attains a sufficiently high standard, no award will be made.

(f) A prize of twenty-five dollars will be awarded to the successful contestant.

(g) *The Canadian Poetry Magazine* will publish the winning poem and reserves the right to publish any other entry. In the case of poems not published, rights of first publication will revert to the author.

(h) All entries should be mailed to J. Patrick Byrne, 52 Derwyn Road, Toronto 6, Ontario. To be eligible, they must reach him by midnight on June 15th.

CONTRIBUTORS

We welcome back to our pages the following poets whose work we have previously published: Charles Bruce, Alfred W. Purdy, Elizabeth Costello, E. M. England, Geoffrey Johnson, Albert Ralph Korn, Margaret R. Gould, Verna Loveday Harden, A. E. Robertson, J. R. G. Adams, Percy Janes, Robert D. Harris, Lucia Trent.

WRAITHA DOVECOT — This poem is from a proposed anthology of western poetry being compiled by Dr. P. G. Hiebert of the University of Manitoba and famous author of *Sarah Binks*. We are pleased to have first publication rights.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON — St. John's, Newfoundland — Author of "Newfoundland Tapestry", and "The Sea is Our Doorway". We are glad to welcome to our pages a poet from Canada's new Province.

- LOUIS GINSBERG — Paterson, New Jersey — Work has appeared in *Saturday Review of Literature*, *American Mercury*, *Poetry*, *The New Statesman*, etc. Has published two books of verse.
- JOHN BARRON MAYS — Liverpool, England — Contributor to "Outposts", "Poetry Commonwealth", "Poetry", etc.
- HARRIET C. MEYER — Victoria, B.C.
- BURNS MARTIN — Halifax — Professor of English at the University of Kings College, Editor *Dalhousie Review*, author of "Allan Ramsay" and a distinguished Canadian critic.
- ANNE MARRIOTT — Vancouver, B.C. — The well known Canadian poet.
- ELOISE STREET — Vancouver, B.C. — These poems are from a book of Indian Songs now in preparation.
- RUBY FRIEDMAN — Montreal — Contributor to *Canadian Forum* and other Canadian periodicals.
- ROBERT SUTHERLAND — Elora, Ontario.
- R. L. COOK — Edinburgh, Scotland — Contributor to "Outposts", "The Spectator", "Wings", etc.
- ALLAN DONALDSON — Fredericton, N.B.
- C. M. CRISWELL — Bethlehem, Penn. — Assistant Professor of English, Lehigh University. Poet and artist. Author of "Asiatic Station", and "High Twelve".
- JOAN FINNIGAN — Kingston, Ont.
- ROBERT DAVIES TAYLOR — Victoria.
- FREDERIC VANSON — Derby, England — Founder and editor of the poetry review, *Gemini*.
- MILLIE C. KROLL — Indianapolis — Contributor to many leading periodicals.
- The Poem, "Weddell", by ALFRED W. PURDY, Vancouver, was given honourable mention in the D. G. French Award Contest.

Honors to Our Contributors

- ELSIE POMEROY of Toronto has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Literature (London). She is the biographer of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts and a frequent contributor to many periodicals.
- J. R. G. ADAMS of Toronto has received the gold medal presented annually by Countess d'Esternaux of New York for the best poem on a constructive theme. Concurrently he has received the Leigh Award for the best poem of the year expressing joy or hope published in *Winged Words*.
- GUSTAV DAVIDSON of New York is the winner of the 1950 Lyric Associates award of \$1000 for outstanding services to poetry.

Heartiest congratulations to all three!

The Editors wish to express their thanks to Mrs. Ethel Whyte, business manager, for a good job, well done!

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